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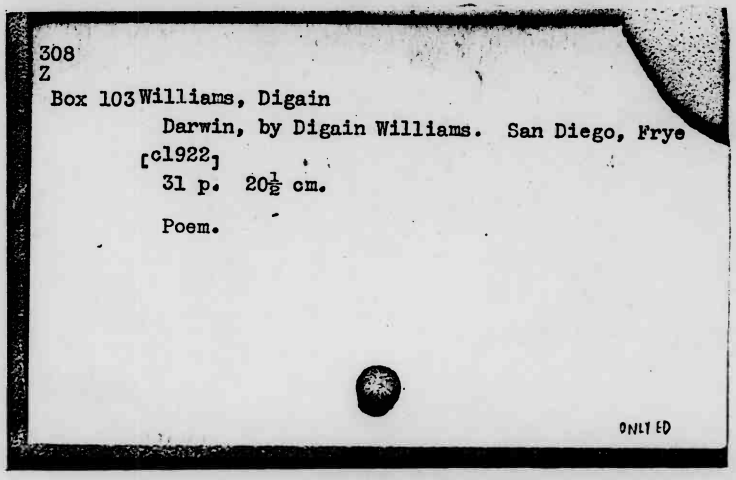

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DARWIN

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Digain Williams

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DARWIN

by

DIGAIN WILLIAMS

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
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Oct 4th 1922
RET.

TO
E. M. R.

DARWIN

✦

When thou wert young the world was young,
Eternity had swallowed Time
Too soon, and man's grand upward climb
Had only started, when a tongue

Thou gavest ages which rehearse
The songs of conquests old at last,
Which reach the ear from out the vast
Recesses of the universe.

And through the million ages grown,
We see the myriads crawling by,
Till man is formed within the die
Which God had cast the earliest dawn.

When thou wert old the world was old,
And old was Night and Day and Time,
And old was man whose upward climb
Began when life began unfold.

II.

We see thee simple, docile child,
Who roams alone o'er moors and hills,
Not knowing whence are all the thrills
Which move thine heart out in the wild.

'Tis Nature making love divine,
Before thou knowest yet her tone,
She loves to have thee all alone
And whisper to thee she is thine.

And those adventures in thy brain
Are but an effort to relate
Those secrets knocking at the gate
Of mind, with all persuasive strain.

We wonder not at thy delight,
When later, as they found their way,
We see thee listening all the day,
And oft forgetful of the night.

We watch thy sisters who became
A mother to thee each in turn,
The fire that she had set to burn
They fanned with love a living flame.

A Martha quick, a Mary mild,
Who loved a brother who returned
A love so beautifully earned.
And did they feel the destined child,

While death would hover round his head,
Would bring our past to human view,
As did the brother of those two
The future, while they thought him dead?

We see them go about the place
Whispering plans for thy full joy,
And does thy future awe them, Boy?
Does now the dawn peep in thy face?

The high dawn of a rising sun,
Behind the darkest clouds which spread,
That hence will pierce all systems dead,
And throw a light on all things done.

We see thee by the "Bell-stone" stand,
Enchanted by her story old,
She was the first of them that tolled
The music of my native land

Into thy soul with accents strong,
What wonder that in other climes
We see thee charmed with other chimes
Since thou had'st heard so sweet a song.

We see thee growing into man,
A full grown man in flesh and mind,
As light of foot as is the wind.
We see thee start with pen to scan

The epics grand God early wrote;—
The lyrics of the heart divine.
The tiniest life within the brine
Is of the harmony a note.

We thank the church of ancient rites
That called thee to the ancient hall
Of her we reverently call
The mother of great English poets.

We see thee go from land to land
In war too great for cannon's roar,
A universe not known before
Is claimed in silence by thine hand.

From day to day there at the Down
We see the work, the Gravel Walk,
But of thy pain we cannot talk,
For on thy face is not a frown.

To her, the guardian of thy breath,
Our debt grows larger day by day,
For as ye went she smoothed the way
With tenderness that crippled death.

Unwearied care in perfect ease,
A love so strong, its whisperings
Would banish pain with all its stings,
And change the storm to perfect peace.

Thou ne'er did'st throw a mistletoe
At any good, and yet on thee
Some poison fell, but not if she
Could catch the drops and drink thy woe.

And when the temple of thy fame
Will stand in ages not revealed,
Her sacred word and lovely deed
Will on its altar always flame.

III.

We thought that truth had answered search,
And destined thee to teach the few,
And call from altar to the pew;
Thou madest all the world a church,

Proclaiming God with growing force,
But on His face was not a smile,
For thou wert blinded for a while
Because so very near the source.

Some closely to the Sun have mused,
And seen a light unknown to earth,
But when they turned to tell its worth
The world was dark and they confused.

And words unkind at them we hurled,
We thought the rays were contrary
To those which shine from Calvary
Revealing life to all the world.

But all the lights have one high source;
They fall on angles human here
Which are not yet divinely clear,
And change their paths and lose their force.

"Against the truth he always cried".
Is baffled silence deadly guilt
While yet the church is being built
On ground known truth was once denied?

'Tis he that cries against the truth
Who never tries to find it out,
And he who is afraid of doubt
Believed but little from his youth.

God by one stroke made all, was true,
All truth, and rested like weak man.
We saw not the eternal one—
"My Father worketh hitherto".

Can finite mould hold all the truth?
Is purity of no avail?
Ah! what of him who did not fail
To keep those ten words from his youth?

Much was he loved, had he but gone
And kept the new one he was told!
The new was thine if not the old,
And hast thou found the two as one?

For did He not, who gave them fame,
Declare them to be closely bound?
Where one is, oft the two are found,
Somewhere perhaps they are the same.

Sometimes we doubt, sometimes deny,
Of no apostle do I know
In whom the Master found no flaw,
But every doubt and every cry

Against the truth's eternal sway
Will melt and die. I know the fine
All precious gold from God's own mine
Will somewhere cast all dross away.

Outgrown at times by love is sense,
The younger bud hid by a snow
White rose; the Master said, "I go",
His friend called out for self defense.

He knew not then the things of God,
And he was therefore much reproved,
And yet he then his Master loved
Just like a child, but felt the rod.

His love has weight, but not enough,
To balance ignorance it fails,
But later how it turned the scales
When thrice the summons came for proof!

But thy strong mind outran the heart,
The two but seldom keep the pace,
But each at last will know her place
And say, "My Lord and God thou art".

For both are His and beat and climb,
Because He moves and soars Himself.
To joint creation's highest shelf
Who now can prophesy the time?

The love thou had'st for those thine own
Was altar fire sent from above,
I know that heat has caught thy love
Which broke out with that holy dawn

In wild ecstacies strange to them;
The trust thy child found warm in him,
Is like that of the seraphim
Who guards the new Jerusalem.

IV.

Men shout thy blunders are so rife,
Well, if completeness had been reached,
Then void would be what thou hast preached,
For progress is its very life.

Thou wert a part of what was taught;
We see its truth in thine own mind
Unfolding, nor can human kind
Be perfect in one single thought.

And in the best someone will miss
What he alone could not have found.
No aim can to perfection bound,
No art than artist greater is.

The story told with careful art,
Is not the whole although sublime,
For other things will come with time
But now we only "know in part".

While seeking for an ancient goal
'Twas given one to find the new
For all these millions, not the few;
Within the new to find the whole

Was given thee. We stood beside
Locked gates of worlds. God gave to thee
A strong and precious golden key,
The universe is open wide.

We see what He, the Lord, hath done
In Being's temple on each wall,
He is "the Lord that maketh all",
And He "spread forth the heavens alone".

We love as true the great and small,
Without the tiniest little wheel
The master timepiece now would reel,
And into chaos black would fall.

We trace the highest suns that soar,
And belt them as they whirl and dance;
And note the star above the glance
Of humming birds in Ecuador.

We cross those lands long since no more,
And sweep o'er continents unformed,
We sail o'er oceans never stormed
Which never knew nor sand nor shore.

We bask in suns not born to men,
And cool in shades no breath hath stirred,
We hear hosannas never heard
With far off ages shout "Amen".

And down creation's aisles we walk
So far with trembling and with fear,
We feel, O Lord, that thou art here,
Our silence take, we cannot talk.

Ah! finished man, for he creates,
And with a little lump of clay
He up to beauty starts a way.
What courage! God he imitates.

He there for God began to grope,
And there he once began to nod
With but a dreamy smile on God:
The germ of everlasting hope.

We see the dawn of higher race,
The dawn of beauty from the mind,
We see the triumph of the kind,
We see the ape go from thy face.

We hail thee, "Dawn Man", mixed thy rays,
Three-fourths a man, a fraction brute,
For through thine eye a mind doth shoot,
While round thy mouth a simian stays.

There is some keenness in thy look,
There jabbering to a common flint,
To thee more precious than a mint
Of gold, while sitting by that brook.

We hear thee babbling to thy child
Who softens much thine iron heart,
Unknown, he knows the highest art,
The art that turns the fierce to mild.

The morn is moist, and rich and warm,
The lion's roar awakes the tree
That at the sound lets down on thee
The shower resting on her arm.

We see the time a grain of choice
Disturbed the sea of instinct still,
And count the days of mind and will
To where all tongues are but a voice.

Born is the rose of holy fame,
And Nature blushes like a maid
That ages hence in some cool shade
Will blush when love will give the same.

The birds with music fill the land,
And all the creeping things are charmed,
Like vanquished warriors are disarmed;
Drowsy, they listen on the sand.

And creatures small and great the earth
Possess. What wondrous forms of life!
And some, as now, are in a strife
And some are full of early mirth.

And one claims both the land and sea,
Of earth the first possessor strange,
A double creature slow of change,
Yet changing with the seasons free.

Life fills the restless ocean wide,
Great monsters move the waters deep,
Until at times their mighty sweep
Quite baffles the young rolling tide.

At last we reach a simple kind,
A simple life with simple need,
Though simple, yet profound indeed,
Beyond the reach of human mind.

And still far down the ages through
We travel towards that holy light
That's on the altar ever bright,
And transubstantiation true!

For when was gone the heated strife,
And Peace gave earth such rich contents,
God somehow mixed the elements
With drop of self, and there was life.

Man yet will sing his pean best,
And all the ages flood with light,
When many letters come to sight
Now hid in Nature's palimpsest.

V.

And Nature shared with thee her charm,
And mused with thee as friend with friend,
While beautifully to the end
We saw ye going arm in arm.

And one in love vowed every day
That she is living, kind, and true,
That she is calm and constant too,
And that she no one doth betray.

Then, when we missed the solemn face,
Thou did'st inform us how she lives,
And how she takes or how she gives
Herself such "beauteous forms" and grace.

Much like two lovers once I knew,
The one saw naught but living soul,
The other, this and that, and all
The little acts, the lovely hue.

Had'st thou but paused and listened long
And questioned her a little less,
I seem to hear her now confess
Thou would'st have heard that deeper song

He heard by Tintern and the Wye,
And would'st have felt a "spirit roll
Through all things" while embracing all.
And with that certain "inward eye"

Had'st "seen into the life of things",
And would'st have linked what is evolved
To Him whose being is unsolved,
Whose living voice through all things rings.

And did'st thou lose thy love for song?
I doubt; the music heard alone—
The note of Being's sweetest tone—
Was in thine ear then far more strong,

And drowned the voices of the times.
I love to think that on some shore
Thy love for Milton lives once more
And that thou hearest human rimes;

And that thy endless, upward course,
And all the vastnesses that be,
Now swell the anthem sung by thee,
"One hand hath made the universe".

VI.

One hand is seen in all the plan,
One living mind lives in the whole,
But what the purpose in it all
We know not, but we feel that man

Is destined for a noble end;
Through mists which on the ages lie
A glimpse of glory strikes the eye
Though long the way on which we wend.

In all the plan one hand is seen
Though useless seem a myriad lives,
Who knows but that which lives and strives
And fails to us, succeeds? Now keen

The strife, and old, and grim, and long,
Since all we cannot understand,
How know Design is not at hand?
Doth not the weak help make the strong?

Of Order and Design no doubt
We feel. Since God designed the whole
There must be Order in it all.
The Order is Design worked out.

And in this universe, at most,
Truth comes in parts now unto men
Or blinds them; time may yet come when
The weak is strong and nothing lost.

All energies now out of sight
Live on and neither sleep nor rest,
The heat I saw transform the west
Hides in the oak on which I write,

Although I feel a creeping chill
When on it rests my hand tonight.
I know that all the grains of might,
Though unavailable at will,

And uncontrolled, and tossed, and hurled,
And lost to men who see not far,
Will find a home in other star
And join to move some other world.

And life may start in other grooves
And turn to forms so different
In other realms, for God's intent
Is infinite, the things He loves

In number infinite must be;
To satisfy unfathomed heart
Creative will may use all art,
Who knows, throughout eternity.

'Tis true I cannot comprehend
A going on, forever on,
But if I could, well, surely then
That unto me would be the end.

The life He started shall not lurk,
Although it seems to us to stop,
But will it ever reach the top?
And God give up his greatest work?

For many are the worlds to come,
With million suns He will adorn,
And after that will men be born
Somehow, somewhere, and feel at home.

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